

Loving Me As I Am

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Category: Halo

Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-04-30 06:29:01

Updated: 2012-04-30 06:29:01

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:52:14

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,064

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Corporal Hannah Isbell is a Helljumper who is Earthbound and one Spartan is determined to help her realize that being on the ground can have it's advantages. Dedicated to EmeraldxLady! Funfic: John-117/OC Shameless Self Insert! (One-shot)

Loving Me As I Am

****Super duper quick, fun little smut scene with yours truly as a self-insert. I'm not looking for critiquing, I'm not looking for perfect grammar, this is purely for fun between me and EmeraldxLady. If you liked it, review, I always appreciate those and if you didn't, then you can just pick up your belongings and leave. I also don't want to hear about how OOC John is. I will seriously punch you in the face. ****

****Halo-343 Industries, Bungie****

>Hannah

*** * ***

><p>1st Sargent Hannah Isbell was not a woman who took fools for granted. She was used to what the UNSC military men had in store for her but she had been in the Marines for 10 years and she was used to their antics and privy winks.<p>

She was a girl who knew where she was going in life. As a high school student, she took the ASVAB and she had qualified for the job she really wanted: ODST aka the Helljumpers. Through years of physical labor and pain, she had transformed herself from a pudgy high school girl to a woman who raised Hell whenever she was around.

Except for that day. As of right now, she was on the frozen tundra of Reach looking searching for Covenant that probably weren't even there. She technically wasn't even on the tundra. She was sitting around at a computer, mapping out a section of the barren landscape

in a fuzzy black parka and a headband that encircled her entire head.

She sighed and leaned back, humming a tune that was probably at least 500 years old or so. Her keen chocolate brown eyes scanned the screen, looking for any activity in the frigid artic. The only thing she could see was the green markings that meant her own people. She sighed in longing, wishing she could be out there with them. Hannah was a trained ODST turned ground patrol due to the fact that she was one of the newest members of the Orbital Drop Shock Troopers and a woman. Sometimes, they needed her for the tedious jobs. The Helljumpers might have been an amazing job but it didn't mean they weren't sexist.

She loved the name, Helljumper. It made her think of an Amazonian woman who fought like a demon. However, her inner Amazon warrior was quelled for about three months as she did ground work, mapping out every little piece of the damned iceberg she happened to be on at the moment.

The only thing that kept her sanity was the handsome Spartans that were up there at the moment, sent up by Dr. Halsey herself and the one that made her heart beat faster and the one who happened to be her friend, John-117.

She had liked John since she was about 22 and four years into the service. They had met when he was training on Reach and she too was training to be an ODST. The two of them hit it off instantly, both originally from Edinus II. John had been swift, brave and handsome. Definitely handsome. He had swept Hannah off her feet and she found herself falling head over heels for the definition of man.

Hannah turned from the screen and glanced up at the picture above the monitor to show a picture of a young woman, probably 24 smiling, and her arm around the neck of a handsome youth with short brown hair that was tousled in front. He was pale and riddled with scars but the girl made up for both of them in her tanned skin and beautiful smile. The girl had straight darkly colored mahogany colored hair that was cut sharply at her jaw.

The girl was now the woman that had her elbows up on the desk and was a spitting image of the girl in the picture. Hannah chuckled and rubbed her finger on the picture that was taken not too long ago. That had been when John was going off on his whatever mission and Hannah was going off on her first to provide airstrike for him. The two had been rather inseparable ever since they trained together. Hannah had asked Halsey if it was alright for her to spend her time with John but Halsey supported them spending time together. She had told Hannah that it was healthy for other Spartans to spend time with the Marines.

As she was leaning against the chair, she heard someone come into the room and she felt her stomach contort as she turned around and saw the slightly smirking face of her best friend in the entire world walk through the door.

"Hey Hannah," John greeted as he moved through the door, taking the seat next to her and watching the controls that she was working on.

"John, you know better than to come in while I'm working," she teasingly scolded as John ruffled her hair fondly.

"I know, I know but I can't help but talk to my favorite Marine." He gave her a slight smile and Hannah responded with her own grin. John wasn't much of a talker when he was with others but when he was with Hannah it was a whole other story.

"Hang on, let me close out of the program and we can go get something to eatâ€¦I'm sure you want to change out of your armor." She said, tapping on the data pad and closing out of the mapping program.

"That would be nice." He admitted as Hannah stood up and stretched. She really wanted to get out of her damned coat and into fuzzy pajamas. If John stayed in the room, she might change into short shorts or a sports bra and sweatpants. She had been blessed with a curvy body with ample breasts that even a sports bra couldn't confine. "Come on; let's go back to my room. I think I have some sweatpants or something you left in thereâ€¦"

John nodded and walked out of the small tower that held the map room, followed closely by the plucky brunette who punched in the code that would prevent any unwanted individuals into the room. The two of them hurried down the corridor towards the elevator which was, to Hannah's great surprise, deliciously warm.

"How was the trek today?" She asked as they stepped over the threshold of the elevator.

"Same old, same old. There is no Covenant out there." He told her bluntly and Hannah laughed slightly and pulled a tube of Chapstick out of her pocket and lathered up her lips. The cold made them chapped and she wondered how John kept his soâ€¦perfect.

"Yeah, I don't understand why the General expects us to be out here. I mean, there's nothing out there!" She agreed and suddenly, John turned his head to her.

"I have a question to ask you."

Hannah nearly dropped her Chapstick surprised. She wasn't used to John asking her questions. Usually, it was the other way around, her asking him questions about being a Spartanâ€¦not all of them necessarily appropriate. "Yeah, you know you can ask me anything!"

He hesitated slightly and shifted his helmet from one hand to another like he was nervous, "There's this girl and every time I see her, I feel like I have some terrible disease."

Hannah cocked her head and arched her eyebrow in surprise, "What sort of disease do you mean? Likeâ€¦?"

He laughed slightly as they exited the elevator, "Well, every time I see this girl, my heart begins to beat faster and my stomach feels like it's twisting in knots. I think about her all the time and I find myself wanting to be with her all the time. Am Iâ€¦dying?"

Hannah felt her own gut fall to her shoes as she realized that John had a crush on another Marine. Of course he did. She knew about Spartans and their suppressed sex drives but she had heard of 1st Generation Spartans falling in love and having kids. Of course, the girl had to be amazingly beautiful and strong to catch the strong Spartan's attention. She turned her head away from John to keep the onslaught of tears that threatened to fall hidden under the veil of hair.

"No, of course not John. You've fallen in love with someone and she's very lucky indeed." Hannah said truthfully, raising her hand up to her eyes to wipe away her tears. "I'm so happy for you. Do you know if she has feelings for you back?"

For a split second, Hannah saw disappointment flicker across his face, "I'm not sureâ€¦|How do I approach her about it?"

Hannah shrugged and smiled a bittersweet smile, "You just have to tell her up front. If she doesn't know, she may go her entire life never knowing she had the love of a Spartan. The best Spartan in the entire world."

He nodded slowly as they came to their crossroads that would lead John in one direction and Hannah in the other.

"I'll think about talking to her about it." He admitted to her and Hannah gave him a small smile.

"She's a very lucky girl to have someone like you falling in love with her." She said softly and John touched her cheek.

"Hannah," He said softly, moving his gloved hand down her cheek to grasp her chin, "No matter what happens, I just want you to know that no matter what happens between me and this woman, I will always be your best friend. Nothing is ever going to change that."

Hannah gave him a watery smile as he let go of her chin and she nodded slowly. "I know you will be. And I will always be yours, John."

He nodded back to her and then a small smile graced his lips. "I'll come see you after I get all my armor off. I think I'm going to talk to Halsey about some things as well."

"Okay, I'll be in my room if you need me," she said and then bade her farewells before hurrying back to her room.

As soon as she burst into her room, she threw herself down onto her mattress and began to cry. John was in love with another woman. She would never receive his affections now.

Her sobs turned into silent tears and she finally slid off her bed to change into sweatpants and an oversized tee shirt. She pulled her hair back and then lay back down on her bed, to toy with a string that was coming off her comforter.

"Hannah?" Came John's voice and Hannah fell off her bed, trying to wipe away tears that were still falling down her cheeks.

"Oh, I wasn't expecting you so soon," she said, standing up quickly,

dwarfed by John easily. Her heart was thrumming in her ears as she looked at her best friend.

"Yeah wellâ€¦I just thought we should talk. I need to tell you something that's been on my mind for quite some time." He admitted and sat down on her bed and Hannah followed suit.

"Okay, I'm ready. Talk," she said a little harshly and she could instantly see the hurt in his face. "I'm sorry. If you couldn't tell, I'm a little bit of a mess right now."

"Are you okay?" John asked, scrutinizing her tearstained face. Hannah gave him a smile and then rubbed her face on her shirt.

"I'm okay, just a little distraught." She admitted and John cocked his head slightly.

"Is it about what I said?" He asked slowly and Hannah felt a blush crawl up her cheeks quickly.

"What? Of course not! Iâ€¦Iâ€¦"

"Hannahâ€¦"

"I just was thinking aboutâ€¦"

"Hannah, I can read you like a book."

She sighed and ran a hand through her hair, "Yes. Yes, I'll admit. It's about what you said." She turned her head away and closed her eyes to keep the tears from falling again, "Johnâ€¦I've been in love with you since I met you and that's not going to change because you're in love with someone else."

John was silent for a moment as Hannah's vision filled up with tears. Now everything would be different between them.

Suddenly, she felt John slip his hand into hers, dwarfing hers completely. How many daydreams had been fueled by those hands?

"Hannah, the reason I had to talk to Halsey was because I'm in love with my best friend too and I wasn't sure how she would feel if I blatantly did something that would give my feelings away for her." He said and Hannah's eyes widened in shock.

"Waitâ€¦If I'm your best friend thenâ€¦"

John smiled slightly and touched her cheek softly, "Hannah, I've been in love with you for as long as we've known each other." He reached forward and kissed her gently on the lips and Hannah nearly melted on contact. He was kissing her and she was kissing him back.

His other hand reached up to cup her jaw and Hannah rested her hand on his forearm, tilting her head slightly to the side to deepen the kiss. John had probably never kissed another girl before and Hannah happened to be a rather skilled kisser and so she slowly pulled away and leaned her forehead against John's.

"Johnâ€¦I love youâ€¦" She murmured as he reached up and kissed her

gently on the lips again, chapped meeting silky smooth, "And I want to show you what two people who are in love do with each other."

"I'd like that very much," He said softly and Hannah smiled and tried in vain to quell the snakes in her belly. She scooted closer and John wrapped his arms around her waist, slowly tracing her curves with his fingers. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him with as much force as she could muster.

John was a Spartan, meaning he was the best at just about everything. Kissing was no exception. In a few moments, he had Hannah's head spinning in circles and her fingers were entwined with his hair. He nipped her bottom lip softly which caused Hannah to gasp. He slipped his tongue into the cavern of her mouth and quickly dominated her own tongue in a dance of skill.

All the while, his hands had been exploring her body, always coming back to the hem of her shirt. His hands drifted up over her abdomen and as his lips went from her own to trace the contours of her face, the rough pad of his thumb brushed the underside of Hannah's left breast, causing her to nearly fall back into his arms.

Suddenly, Hannah pushed herself back and then helped John guide her shirt off. She hadn't worn a bra and she could feel his eyes grazing every little detail of exposed torso. She fought off the urge to cover herself up again but then helped John out of his own shirt, wanting more than anything to close all space between them and brush skin against sensitive skin.

She placed both hands on John's wonderfully chiseled body and guided him down onto the mattress where she promptly kissed him again, his hands coming up to forcefully grab her ass. She moaned into his mouth as she slowly pulled away, her chocolate eyes twinkling like a lioness that had finally captured her prey.

"You're beautiful," he said softly as Hannah kissed him again, feeling his amazing 5 o' clock shadow under her fingers, the curtain of mahogany brown falling around them. She felt her sweatpants slide down her legs and she kicked them off when they were far enough down, finally exposing herself to her lover. John ran his hands along her naked curves, mapping everything with touch and sight as Hannah showed what she appreciated most with moans and gasps. Slowly, his hands slid into the junction between her thighs and Hannah let out a sharp little yelp as his fingers came into contact with a pert little nub that jutted out between her folds.

"Johnâ€¦" She gasped as his fingers slipped inside her and she moved her body to try and move around his digits. "John, don't tell me you've been practicing on other woman or I won't be held responsible for my actions."

He chuckled and moved his fingers inside of her, "I think you forget that I too learned about female anatomy."

"Johnâ€¦"

"Say my name again."

"John, I swear to Godâ€¦"

He clenched and unclenched his fingers inside her, causing her to scream; only muffled by her hands. Suddenly, her muscles clenched around his fingers and he felt her juices coat his hand. His erection threatened to burst through his pants as he brought his hand from her pearl and tentatively touched his fingertip to his tongue. She tasted like what he remembered candy tasting like with a definite twist of her to it. It was fiery, fierce and everything else he loved about Hannah. He reached up and kissed her again as Hannah fumbled at the button of his jeans.

He batted her hand away and merely ripped the button away and took his pants and underwear in one fell swoop. Hannah looked down at his delicious erection pressing up against his belly muscles and slowly brought her hand down to grace its silken flesh, her full lips slightly open as her fingers planted butterfly kisses against the sensitive flesh.

Suddenly, he grabbed her hand and she looked up to see John's eyes full of feral lust and longing.

Hannah slowly, teasingly brought herself down until she was impaled by his manhood and she nearly gasped at how full she felt. Nobody had ever filled her so completely before and in surprise, she shifted her hips just a little bit but even that fraction of a millimeter had John's hands clutching at the comforter. He sat up and placed his hands possessively on her waist, begging them to move.

Hannah obliged by slowly rolling her hips in an achingly slow pattern that made John clench her sides just that much more. She gasped as John thrust into her ever more deeply, hitting against the sweet spot that lingered there.

"Hannah, don't tease me," He said gruffly in her ear as his hands tightened on her hips even more.

She smirked and then slowly ground her hips again, "Say my name, John."

"Hannah,"

"Again."

Suddenly, she found her back against the mattress and John above her, his eyes wild and his member still sheathed almost uncomfortably.

"Hannah, there will be no more of that to be had," He purred and slowly brought himself out before slamming his hips against her, bone jarringly hard.

"John, I'm not a Spartan," She reminded him breathlessly as he brought her up to sit on his lap again.

"If you were a Spartan, I would be ravishing your body a lot more than this," He purred and thrust himself into her again, this time with even more force. Hannah grunted but found herself shutting out the pain and focusing on the pleasure at hand. This climax would be brutal and fierce but the journey to the top would be harrowing.

He slammed into her again and again, each time hitting her sweet spot and each time, Hannah climbed higher and higher until an ear-piercing shriek that was muffled only by John's shoulder filled the room as she rode out an earth-shattering orgasm. John felt her muscles spasming around her and he knew he was close as well. He pounded her body until finally, his hands bruised her hips and he allowed his seed to spill into her womb.

Both exhausted and spent, John fell back onto the bed and Hannah fell onto his chest, Hannah panting like she had run a marathon, John breathing like he had run up a flight of stairs.

"Johnâ€¦" Hannah murmured as she slowly slid off of him, wincing as they disconnected. "I think I love you."

"Hannah," He chuckled softly, pulling away the covers and allowing both of them to slide into the bed, "I know I do."

Hannah let out a shaky sigh, curled up against his side and fell asleep almost instantly. John tried in vain to stay awake but found that even his plethora of strength had left him and he too found the Sandman's warm embrace quickly.

Time passed quickly for the two. Hannah was again called off for the backup of another Spartan and John was called to Harvest to quench the onslaught of Covenant that lingered there. They saw very little of each other but every time they met, always swapped stories and usually some bedtime. However, as the years passed, Hannah found herself in a pitfall of emotions for the Spartan. She never saw him and even wondered when she would see him again.

* * *

><p>Twenty years passed for both Hannah and John. When the Halo Wars came around, she decided that her time in the military was done but knew John still had eternity. She hadn't seen him in 8 years since their last meeting on Reach. He claimed that he still loved her but unfortunately, the Covenant War had changed him from the handsome youth she knew into a war hardened veteran who looked at Hannah as more of a release of pent up emotions than a person.<p>

She returned to Earth in 2552 just as they were discovering the Ring. Hannah mourned at the loss of her Spartan in private when he was lost to the stars. When he finally returned, Hannah tried to get to see him but she was now merely a civilian and she could imagine all the women crooning over her Spartan. She was old now. She was 47 now, an old maid and nobody would ever want her. Besides, she had heard of his great feats and Hannah knew he would want nothing to do with her.

One night, she was sitting outside on her porch in Connecticut. It was a warm night and she could see the fireflies and heard the crickets and ocean. The soft breeze ruffled her grey streaked hair and she was surprised to see someone walking up the street towards her house.

She stood up and wrapped the blanket around her body, squinting in the darkness to see who it could possibly be. There, standing at her front porch was a still handsome man with a multitude of scars riddling his face and body. He was six feet and ten inches tall and

Hannah was please to say that she knew every inch of that body.

"Hannah?" Came a deep, sexy voice that lacked emotion but still held a touch of passion.

"John, is that you?" She asked softly, moving down the stairs towards her lost lover, "they told me that youâ€|"

He silenced her with a kiss that held far more hardness behind it than she would have liked, "I told you that I would always be your best friend and now, I want to be your best friend forever." He slowly got down on one knee and pulled something out of his pocket, "Hannah Marie Isbell, I love you. Your love was the only thing that kept me alive on the Legendary Planet and through that entire war. I want to spend forever with you and I know now that I was always meant to. Will you marry me?"

He opened the ring box and the perfectly cut diamond ring and Hannah felt tears spring up into her eyes.

"Yes John," She said, wiping them away, "Yes, I will marry you!"

For the first time in a long time, an actual smile graced the Spartan's lips as he grabbed Hannah around the waist and kissed her passionately.

"Thank you, for loving me as I am."

* * *

><p>Cheesy, silly but so much fun to write. 3 Thanks for reading!

End
file.